

# NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 11.—VOL. XXI.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1809.

NO. 1053.

## MISTRUST;

OR,

## BLANCHE AND OSBRIGHT:

### A FEUDAL ROMANCE.

(In Continuation.)

"Noble Sir," replied Eugene, trembling and embarrassed, "I . . . I found it—I found it near the cave of St. Hildegard."

"And of course you know not its owner, or I should not find it still in your possession?" Eugene was silent.

"Well! the workmanship pleases me;—there is a diamond of price; take it, Eugene, and let the rosary be mine."

He drew a ring from his finger, and presented it to the page, but it was not accepted.

"Oh! Sir Osbright," exclaimed Eugene, and sank upon his knee, "take my life from me—it is at your disposal; but while I live do not deprive me of that rosary. It is my only remembrance of an event so dear to me—the day in which I first found existence valuable! Three months are past, since, while following my lord, your father, to the chase, my horse became ungovernable, and bore me to the brink of a precipice. My efforts to restrain him were vain: I at length sprang from his back, but too late to save myself. I rolled down the declivity, and was dashed to the bottom of the precipice. I lost my senses, but projecting shrubs doubtless broke my descent and preserved me from destruction. On opening my eyes, I believed that my fall had killed me, and that I was in Heaven already; for near me knelt a form so angelic, with looks so benevolent, with eyes so expressive of compassion! and she questioned me about my safety in so sweet a voice! and she related with an air of such interest, how in returning from St. Hildegard's grotto, she had observed my fall; how she had trembled for my life, and had brought water from the cave to wash off the blood, and had torn her veil to bind up my wounded head! and then she bade me so tenderly to be of good cheer, for that the danger was past, and that she hoped I should soon be quite well! Oh! how valuable did my life appear in my own eyes, when I found that it had some worth in her's!"

"And you knew not her name?" inquired Osbright.

"Oh! no, my lord, not then; but alas! her terror too soon made me guess it; for no sooner did I mention the Castle of Frankheim as my abode, than she uttered a loud shriek, started from the ground with every mark of horror and alarm, and fled from me with the rapidity of an arrow. Then did my foreboding heart tell me too truly, that she, in whom the bare mention of Frankheim could excite such aversion, must needs belong to the hostile family of Orrenberg. That suspicion was confirmed, when I observed lying near me this rosary, which she had forgotten in her haste, and whose crucifix bears the dear, dear name of Blanche! a name, which from that

moment I blessed in every prayer, a name, which has ever since been held in my fancy sacred as that of my patron saint!"

"And you saw her no more? and you spoke to her no more?—Nay, answer me with frankness, boy, or I swear—"

"Oh! be patient, good my lord; I mean not to deceive you. Yes, once more, only once I addressed her; I would have restored her rosary; I wished to thank her for her timely succour; but the moment that she beheld me, her former terrors returned—she shrieked out "a Frankheimer!" and hastened away, as if flying from an assassin. Thenceforward I accosted her no more: I found that the sight of me alarmed her, and I forbore to intrude upon her, whom my whole soul adores, a presence so hateful! you now know all:—noble knight, restore my rosary."

The frankness of this narration dissipated entirely Osbright's jealous terrors. The impassioned, yet respectful manner, in which Blanche was mentioned, and the height of admiration which the sight of her had inspired, both pleased and softened him; and he could not help feeling himself strongly influenced in favour of the young enthusiast, whose heart beat so perfectly in unison with his own.—Yet he judged it prudent to conceal that favourable impression, and accompany the surrender of the rosary with a lecture on the folly of his nourishing so hopeless a passion.

"There is your rosary," said he, assuming a severity of tone and manner very foreign to his feelings; "though I know not, whether, in restoring it, I do you any kindness. Imprudent youth! for whom do you feel this excess of adoration? for the daughter of your patron's most inveterate enemy; of a man, accused of the murder of your dearest friend; of one, against whom, scarce forty hours ago, you vowed in this very chapel—"

"Oh! no, no, no!" exclaimed the page, with a look of horror; "I vowed nothing—I took no oath—I heard, but joined not in the blasphemy; and when all around me cursed the devoted family of Orrenberg, I prayed for the angel Blanche!"

"For the daughter of Joscelyn's supposed assassin? Joscelyn, whom you professed to love so sincerely, that your life—"

"Oh! and I did love Joscelyn, truly, dearly! but I feel that I love Blanche even better than Joscelyn, a thousand, and a thousand times!"

"Love her indeed? alas, poor youth! love whom? the only child of the rich and noble Count of Orrenberg; after me, the heiress of all those domains, on which you have been educated through my father's charity. Blanche, Countess of Orrenberg, and the orphan page, Eugene, a foundling, without family, without friends; how ill do these names sound together! My good lad, I mean not to wound your feelings, but observe how hopeless is your present pursuit; rouse yourself from your romantic dream, and erase from your heart this frantic passion."

During this speech, the glow faded from the cheeks of Eugene; the fire of enthusiasm

no longer blazed in his eyes; the deepest gloom of melancholy overspread his countenance. His head sank upon his bosom, and his eyes were filled with tears.

"True, true, Sir Knight!" said he after a short pause, "I know it well! I am an orphan boy, without family, without friends! God help me!"

He prest the crucifix to his trembling lips, bowed his head to Osbright with humility, and turned to leave the chapel.

Osbright was deeply affected, and he suffered him to pass him in silence; but soon recollecting himself—"Stay, Eugene," said he, calling after him, and the page stopped; "I would not have my parents know that I am in their neighbourhood; should you reveal that I am here, my displeasure—"

"I reveal!" interrupted Eugene, proudly, "I am no tale-bearer, Sir Knight!" and he quitted the chapel, his passion for Blanche inflamed by the opposition made to it, and his antipathy to Osbright strengthened by resentment at his being the person who opposed it.

## CHAP. VI.

"My life! my soul! my all that Heaven can give! Death's life with thee, without thee death to live."

WHILE Osbright was employed in smoothing the real obstacles to their union, his mistress was the victim of imaginary terror. She had discovered in her unknown lover the son of her father's most inveterate enemy; a man too, whom from her cradle she had been taught to consider with horror, and who (according to Sir Ottokar's account) had taken a most solemn and irrevocable oath to exterminate herself and her whole family. She now believed that Osbright's protestations were all false, and only calculated to beguile her to destruction; or else that he was ignorant of her origin when he pretended affection; or that, even if in spite of her bearing the detested name of Orrenberg, he had still formerly felt a real love for her, she doubted not, that grief for his brother's murder, and thirst of vengeance had converted that love into hatred, and that he would seize the first opportunity of fulfilling his horrible vow of plunging his dagger in her bosom.

But she prudently resolved to afford him no such opportunity. The image of her beloved preserver no longer beckoned her to the grotto; she only saw there him, whom her prejudiced fancy had delighted to load with every vice, and who thirsted to sign in her blood his claim to the rich inheritance of her parents. No! to St. Hildegard's grotto, she would venture no more; that was a point determined! And it remained determined for a whole long day and night! but when the second morning arrived, her resolution faltered; and when the evening was at hand, her prudence totally failed. Yet another hour, and the Knight would be waiting for her in the cave; and for what purpose he waited,

now appeared to her but of little consequence. He might murder her, it is true, but to see him no more she felt, was but to perish by a more painful though more lingering death, and she determined to ascertain the worst immediately. Her mother was occupied by household arrangements. Gustavus was in close conference with Sir Lennard Kleeborn, who had just arrived. No one observed her movements, and she employed her liberty in hastening to the grotto of St. Hildegarda.

No one was there, and now a new terror seized her, lest Osbriht should not mean to come. She seated herself on a broken stone which had rolled from the rock above, and was lost in melancholy reflections, when some one took her hand gently. She looked up, Osbriht stood before her: but in the moment of surprise she only saw in him the dreaded assassin, and uttering a cry of terror, her first movement was to fly from the place. The knight started back in astonishment. But she soon recollected herself, and returned.

(To be Continued.)

## WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

A FRAGMENT.

“THE scenes of my life have been sad, said a poor Frenchman, who had scrambled up one of the most precipitous mountains of North Wales, and was now pensively leaning on his stick, and casting a mournful look towards the wide expanse of waters, which bounded his prospect. The scenes of my life have been sad,” repeated he, and a tear silently stole down his cheek, as the painful recollection of the past, again struck in his soul. “I have pursued the bubble happiness all over the world, and have lived but to find it a phantom of the brain—I have suffered the torture of the inquisition in Spain—I have been chained to the galleys in Italy—I have starved on the mountains of Switzerland—I have groined as a slave in Turkey—I have languished beneath the republican tyranny in France—and lastly, I have been whipped as a vagabond in England—and I am grown grey in misery, and old age has overtaken me in wretchedness!” The tears streamed plentifully down the cheeks of the unfortunate old man, as this painful retrospect presented itself to his mind. The sun had cast his last rays over the waters, and the west was tinged with the bright streaks of vermillion and gold. Not a breath of air ruffled the surface of the deep—not a sound invaded the air—all was stillness and serenity, except when the last notes of the ascending sky-lark sunk on the air, while the feathered songster himself was lost in distance. He insensibly felt his spirits tranquilized by the universal harmony which seemed to reign around. The balm of peace descended upon his soul: He looked upon the wanderings of his past days with a calm, but melancholy regret.—It was too late to begin life anew—and, after having spent his youth in toil and vexation, he now felt that a little rest was necessary. When the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, he laid himself on the turf, and soon dropped into a sweet, and uninterrupted slumber. In the morning he rose refreshed. Beneath the wide spreading branches of a venerable tree, he constructed a simple hut. His meat was supplied by the roots and the herbs of the valley; and the crystal spring, which bubbled by his dwelling, afforded him a wholesome beverage.—Every evening beheld him sinking peacefully to repose on his bed of leaves, and every dawning day saw him rise refreshed and cheerful.—In a short time he discovered that he was happy. The discovery astonished him. He was isolated, an outcast, depending on the spontaneous products of the earth for sustenance, and only sheltered from the inclemency of the weather, by a cabin, over which the den of the wild beast possessed many advantages. Under such circumstances, that he could be happy, was to him incomprehensible.—After musing for some time on the strangeness of the fact, he found out that all the miseries of his past life were to be imputed to himself—that they arose from his own restlessness and ambition—and that the true philosopher’s stone, which converts every thing it touches into gold, the real source of all human happiness is—Contentment.

W. W.

## FOR THE WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To S. S. and E. W. W. disputing.

Disist, my sisters, pray forbear,  
Let this dissention cease;  
Let harmony your features wear,  
And drest with smiles of peace.

Why should you let your passions rise?  
Why rage distort your face?  
Why sullen looks usurp the seat  
Of harmony’s mild grace.

Say, what on earth is there so fair,  
So pleasing to the mind,  
As sisters who in friendship live,  
By love and nature joined.

But, Oh! how dreadful is the scene;  
The effect how to be feared,  
To see those jar, from morn till night,  
By kindred love endear’d.

To hear the tongue of sharp reproach;  
To see the glance of scorn;  
To view the intemperate rage with which  
Each sister’s bosom’s torn.

Reflect, my sisters, while you rage,  
And think your hearts are steel,  
If one should feel the stroke of death,  
How would the other feel?

Each keen reproachful glance unkind,  
Each sharp retort, each word,  
Would sting your mind, by conscience wrung,  
And grief deserved afford.

Then, Oh! my dearest girls, no more  
Indulge your passion’s fires;  
For by your friends ’tis seen with pain,  
And keen disgust inspires.

In friendship let your hearts unite,  
Each other’s failings bear;  
Your minds expand with sweet delight,  
Nor rage find entrance there.

EUPHEMIA.

## HENRIETTE.

Long and long the church-bells ringing  
Spread their signals on the air;  
Towards his Ellen lightly springing,  
Faithless Edward hastens there.  
Can he dare to wed another?  
Can he all his vows forget?  
Can he truth and conscience smother,  
And desert his Henriette?

Pale remorse my steps attending,  
Whither can I hope to fly?  
When shall all my woes have ending?  
Never, never, till I die!  
Can the youth who once adored me,  
Can he hear without regret,  
Death has that repose restored me,  
He has stolen from Henriette!

Brightly smiles the summer-morning  
On my Edward’s nuptial day;  
While the bells, with joyous warning,  
Call to love and mirth away.  
How this wretched heart is throbbing  
Ere the evening sun shall set,  
Death shall ease my bosom’s sobbing,  
Death shall comfort Henriette.

Cruel youth, farewell forever!  
False as thou hast been to me,  
Ne’er, till Fate my thread shall sever,  
Can I turn my thoughts from thee.  
Guilt and shame thy soul enslaving,  
Thou mayest weep and tremble yet,  
When thou seest the willow waving  
O’er the grave of Henriette!

T. L. P.

## ELEGANT AND MORAL.

Covetousness never lodged in the heart alone; it find not, it will breed wickedness.

To be friendless is the worst condition on earth next to being in want.

Eminency is ever joined with peril, obscurity with peace.

Poverty is obscure; and those that have little may go and come without noise.

The best deservings may want; no man should be contented for his necessity.

Charity is the sum and end of the law.

It is not safe to despise the meanest vassal on earth.

We ought to fear those that have nothing to lose if they have resolution.

The blondest of all projects have ever wont to be coloured with religion; because the worse a thing is, the better shew it desires to make; and contrarily, the better colour is put upon any vice the more odious it is; for as every stimulation adds to an evil, so the best adds most.

Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill.

The more our judgements err, the less we are willing to own it; and the person who maintains the worst side in any contest are the warmest.

There can be no greater object of compassion than a person we love in the wrong.

Riches without charity are nothing worth, for they are a blessing only to him who makes them a blessing to others.

## COMPASSION.

COMPASSION is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, of the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements; nor treat the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

It has been objected, and it is to be feared with some reason, that female conversation is too frequently tinged with a censorious spirit, and that ladies are seldom apt to discover much tenderness to a fallen sister. No arguments can justify, no pleas extenuate it.

To exult over the miseries of an unhappy creature is inhuman, not to compassionate them, is unchristian. The worthy part of the sex always express themselves humanely on the failings of others in proportion to their own undeviating goodness, and by that gentle virtue are prompted to alleviate the distresses of the unfortunate and wretched; it prevents us from retaliating injuries, and restrains our severe judgements and angry passions.

## MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

A due sense of the grandeur of man’s nature and destination, is a good bulwark against the frequent and violent assaults of temptation.

The greatest object in the universe, says a certain philosopher, is a good man struggling with adversity: yet there is still a greater, which is the good man that comes to relieve it.

## ADDRESS.

EVERY one has a peculiar address. The address of the young men consists in deceiving the women; the address of old men in being deceived by them. With a courtier, address is the art of convenient submission. With a woman dissimulation: with a coquet, being now complying, now repulsive. With a man of intrigue, it is cunning; and with an ambitious man, policy. The address of a parasite, is to be seen in accidentally dropping in at the hour of dinner; and the address of most debtors is, to conceal their address from their creditors.



FOR THE WEEKLY MUSLUM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

Oh! Friendship sweet, whose bonds divine  
Our souls exult, unite, and bless;  
I fall before thy sacred shrine,  
And with this verse thine altar dress.

Through boundless Nature's various plan  
Thy spreading charms diffus'd we see,  
From insect atoms, up to man,  
And heaven were joyless but for thee.

Sweet are thy joys and pure thy flame,  
As gales that sweep the vernal plain;  
Nor didst thou e'er with crimson shame  
The bashful virgin's cheek disdain.

Thou fair, whose fiat shapes my doom,  
What's love, without thy milder power!  
A fire that kindles, to consume  
A savage conquering to devour.

First Love should fix the welcome chain,  
Then calmer Friendship claim her turn;  
For transport too intense is pain,  
And souls may glow, that cease to burn.

For the New-York Weekly Muscun.

ELEGY TO FANCY.

O'er boundless tracts of Fancy's airy land  
My heart elated, wishful, wing'd its way:  
Bright were her sunny beams—with lavish hand  
She strew'd her blooming sweets with magic sway.

Oh! Fancy, merciless betrayer, say,  
Why didst thou lead me o'er thy fertile plain?  
Why bless my hopes with thy enlivening ray,  
To leave me nought but anguish, grief, and pain?

Just when my heart had reached thy wish'd-for home,  
Dark clouds succeeded, every track was lost;  
I shuddering paus'd, revolving on my doom,  
And curs'd those paths malignant fate had cross'd

No ray to cheer me, all was dark and drear;  
That wish'd-for home I ne'er must hope to gain,  
'This desolated heart, what sorrows tear,'  
And hopes of future peace, alas! were vain.

To you, to whom I breathe delusion's sigh,  
To you, to whom this panting heart is known,  
To you, on whom I bend the ardent eye,  
To you my endless sorrows still I own—

O'wn that my heart, by specious charms was won,  
By Fancy south'd, deluded, and undone.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

The Weekly Muscun.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 22, 1809.

The city inspector reports the death of 43 persons, (of whom 16 were men, 11 women, 9 boys, and 7 girls) during the week ending on Saturday last, viz. Of consumption 14, contusion 1, convulsions 1, diarrhoea 1, dropsy 2, dropsy in the head 1, drowned 1, puerperal fever 1, typhus fever 1, bites 1, infanticide 1, inflammation of the lungs 2, inflammation of the bowels 1, insanity 1, old age 1, palsy 2, sprue 1, stillborn 1, sudden death 1, syphilis 1, whooping cough 3, and 2 of worms.

The case of infanticide was discovered on digging a sink at the corner of Division and Grand-Streets.

Ticket No. 4881 sold to John Lawrence, Esq. of this city in the Black River Lottery, was drawn on Thursday a prize of 30,000 dollars.

On Tuesday arrived at Philadelphia schooner Maria, Capt. Janseck, from St. Thomas 20 days and 12 days from Havana, where she put in, in distress. As she was there only 36 hours, the Capt. could merely learn that the commotions at Havana were not quiet; that a great number of the French who had made their escape on board the vessel in the harbour, still remained there, and it was expected a great number more would shortly visit the United States for protection. He says there were several American vessels at Havana, but could recollect none except the Amity from New-York.

A Duel was fought just over the lines in Canada, on the 24th ult. between a Mr. Blake and a Mr. Dix, both of Boston; the latter received a ball through his body and immediately expired. Mr. Dix was a young unmarried man—Mr. Blake has a family. They were recently partners in trade in Boston, where, we understand, the challenge was given by Mr. Blake and accepted, before they left that place. They there chose their seconds and a surgeon, and accompanied each other to the fatal spot, where each were determined to send the other to the world of spirits. If this be correct, it appears to be, upon reflection, a premeditated piece of wickedness and folly that has seldom occurred in civilized society. We are not acquainted with the circumstances which led to this disgraceful affair, but we are sure no cause could justify the act.

Vermont Paper.

NEWSPAPERS.

The following account of the various publications in the world, is given in a German paper: 'There is but one paper published in Portugal, and that only appears three times a week; it is conducted by a German, who takes care to exclude only French news, while he admits those of Madrid, Hamburg, and London. In China there is only one Gazette a week, but it is a folio volume: it contains no foreign news, but merely the history of the events in the country. There is no joking in it about truth, for in 1796, one of the writers having thought proper to insert some false intelligence, &c. was condemned to lose his head. The emperor himself sometimes contributes to this paper. In 1798, the present emperor inserted a Funeral Oration, which he composed upon his predecessor. It is a singular circumstance that some accounts once appeared in it, which it was thought improper to make known. That particular number was immediately suppressed, and the people were forbid ever to speak of it in future.

There is a paper published in the Persian language at Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul. Some curious persons have preserved copies of the paper of the 18th February, 1798, which is five Frenchells in length. The intelligence contained in it is of the most absurd nature such as that "the men who had the care of the oxen and horses have taken leave of his highness the Great Mogul for want of payment, and have sent their cattle to pasture, &c." The English, who ought to love a paper so many yards in length, have, however, instituted another paper in the East-Indies.

COURT OF HYMEN.

Know, here unnumbered sweets are found,  
And dear engaging ties,  
Which lull the sense of mortal cares,  
And wake to extacies.

MARRIED,

On Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Mr. David Bryson, to Miss Margaret Hoffman, all of this city

On the same evening, by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Mr. John Corney, to Miss Prudence Griffen, both of this city

At Haerlem on Saturday last, by the Rev. John F. Jackson, Mr. Ephraim Golden, to Miss Lettie Garrison. At the same place, on Sunday last, by the Rev. John F. Jackson, Mr. John M'Cuddy, to Miss Ann Watson.

At White Plains, on Tuesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Crawford, Mr. Andrew L. Halsted, merchant, of this city, to Miss Lavina Horton, of the former place.

At Hudson, on the 5th inst. Donald Macdonald, Esq. late Col. of his Britannick Majesty's Perthshire Highland Infantry, to Miss Helena M. P. Livingston Myer, sister to P. Tenbroeck Myer, Esq. of Red Hook.

In Virginia, Mr. Andrew S. Warwick, Esq. to Miss Mary Woods.

In Maryland, Mr. Henry S. Yates, to Miss Eleanor H. Hungerford. and Joseph Sherburn, to Miss Mary Yates.

At Charleston, Mr. John N. Davis, to Miss Julia Lehre, and Mr. Edward G. Sast, to Miss Mary S. Switzer, and Mr. Christian Pagels, to Miss Maria Adams.

At Norfolk, Mr. Samuel Saunders, to Mrs. Maria Hinchman.

At Savannah, Mr. Alexander Hunter, to Miss Harriet Billinger. and Mr. David Taylor, Jun. Esq. to Miss Eliza Holms.

At Chery Valley Mr. Erastus Johnston, to Miss Jerusha Hoyt.

MORTALITY.

The worm thus in the budding rose,  
Cuts its soft vital ere it blows,  
Then must the hopeful bloom endure,  
What healing art nor time can cure.

DIED,

On Thursday last, Mr. Benjamin A. Devoue, aged 22, son of Mr. Frederick Devoue, merchant, of this city

At Valencia, in Spain, on the 29th January last, Mr. Joshua Burrows, a native of Connecticut. Suddenly, on Saturday last, in the 43d year of her age Mrs. Sarah Glover, wife of John I. Glover Esq. of this city.

Those of our subscribers who intend to remove the ensuing month, are requested to send their directions to this office:

SALES AT AUCTION,  
BY ROBERT M'MENOMY,  
This evening, at half past 5 o'clock, at his Auction Room, No. 120, Water-street, next to the Tontine Coffee House,  
A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF BOOKS  
AND STATIONARY,  
April 22, 1809. 1040—tf

HUTCHINS'  
IMPROVED ALMANACK,  
For 1809:

By the Grocer, Dozen, or Single One.  
For Sale at this Office.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### LEVI MOSES.

Ma name'sh **LEVI MOSHEW**: I tink I vash born,  
Dough I cannot exactly remember,  
In **KOSHOMARY-LANE**, about tree in de morn,  
Shome time in de mont of November.  
Ma fader cried 'clothesh,' through de streetsh as he  
vent,  
Dough he now shleeping under de shtone ish,  
He made by hish bargains two hundred per shent,  
And dat vay he finger'd de monish.

Ma fader vash vise: very great vash hish shenshe:  
De monish he alwaysh vash turning:  
And early he taught me poundsh, shillingsh, and  
penshe;  
'For,' shaysh he, 'dat ish all dat'sh vorth learning.  
Ash to Latin and Greek, 'tish all nonshenshe, I shay,  
Which occasion to shtudy dera none ish;  
But shtich close to Cocker, far dat ish de vay,  
To teach you to finger de monish.'

To a shtock-broker den I apprenish vash bound,  
Who hish monish lov'd very shinsheerly;  
And, t'rough hish instructions, I very shoon found,  
I ma blunshesh knew pretty clearly.  
Shaysh he: 'cheat a little: 'tish no shuch great  
crime,  
Provided it cleverly done ish:'  
Sho I cleverly cheated him every time  
I could manage to finger hish monish.

And den I shet up for a broker mashelf,  
And **FOURTEEN** hash shmil'd on ma laborsh,  
I've minded de main chanshe, and shrap'd up de  
peff.  
And ruin'd von half of ma neighboursh.  
If any von cash on goot bondsh vould obtain,  
Very shoon ready for him de loan ish—  
And about shent per shent ish de int'rest I gain,  
And dat vay I finger de monish.

To part vit ma monish I alwaysh vash lote,  
For ma table no daintiesh I dish up:  
I dine on two eggsh, and I shup on de broth,  
But I feash't vonsh a week like a bishop!  
Ev'ry **SHATURDAY** night, on a *grishkin of pork*  
I regale bote mashelf and ma croniesh—  
And I play on de grishkin a goot knife and fork,  
Dough dat runsh away vit de monish!

To de presheptsh ma fader lash'till'd in ma mind  
I have ever been conshtant and shteady:  
To learning or pleasure I ne'er vash inclin'd  
For neider vould bring in de ready:  
And into ma poeketsh de monish to bring  
Ma perpetual shtudy alone ish,  
For de monish indeed ish a very goot ting,  
Oh, a very goot ting ish de monish!

### ENVY AND DETRACTION.

It must be owned, in vain we guard  
'Gainst **SLANDER**'s envious tongue,  
Though virtue is its own reward,  
Yet virtue will be stung.

Were you as pure as spotless snow,  
As clear as chrystal ice,  
Yet slander, **VIRTUE**'s native foe,  
Would call this virtue vice.

Where virtue most conspicuous shows,  
There malice seems most bent,  
Thus, where the sweetest blossom blows,  
There wasps will most frequent.

Let patience scorn their selfish views,  
For malice patience dreads;  
For sure the storm that threatens your's  
Must burst upon their heads.

Tho' dirty schemes demand their care,  
Revenge like them detest;  
For dirt will harbour any where,  
But in an honest breast.

## TORTOISE SHELL COMBS,

FOR SALE BY  
**N SMITH—CHYMICAL PERFUMER**  
FROM LONDON,

At the Sign of the Golden Rose,  
NO 114 BROADWAY

Just received a handsome assortment of Ladies or  
namented Combs of the newest fashion—also La-  
dies plain Tortoise Shell Combs of all kinds

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash. Bel-  
far superior to any other for softening beautifying  
and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agree-  
able perfume 4 and 8s each

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that  
holds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small  
compass

Oudours of Roses for smelling bottles  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk or Rosesso well  
known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples red-  
ness or sunburns, and is very fine for gentlemen af-  
ter shaving, with printed directions, 3s 4s 8s and 12s  
bottle, or 3 dollars per quart

Smith's Pomade de Grasse for thickening the  
psir and keeping it from coming out or turning grey  
ha and 8s per pot. Smith's Tooth Paste warranted  
Violet double scented Rose Hair Powder 2s 6d

Smith's Savoyette Royal Paste for washing the  
skin, making it smooth delicate and fair 4 and 8s per  
pot, do paste

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder for the  
teeth and gums, warranted—2 and 4s per box

Smith's Vegetable Rouge for giving a natural col-  
our to the complexion, likewise his Vegetable or  
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin

Smith's superfine Hair Powder. Almond powder  
for the skin, 8s per lb

Smith's Circassia or Antique Oil for curling, glos-  
sing and thickening the hair, and preventing it from  
turning grey 4s per bottle

Highly improved sweet-scented hard and soft Po-  
matums 1s per pot or roll. Doled do 2s

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a  
most beautiful coral red to the lips 2 and 4s per box

Smith's Lotion for the teeth warranted  
His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on chy-  
mical principles to help the operation of shaving 5s  
and 1s 6d

Smith's celebrated Corn Plaster 3s per box  
Ladies and Gentlemen's Pocket Books  
Ladies silk Braces. Elastic worsted and Cotton  
Garters, and Eau de Cologne

Salt of Lemons for taking out iron mold  
\* \* The best warranted Concave Razors, Elastic  
Razor Strops, Shaving Boxes, Dressing Cases, Pen-  
knives, Scissors, Tortoise-shell, Ivory and Horn  
combs, Superfine white starch, Smelling bottles &c.

Ladies and Gentlemen will not only have a saving  
but have their goods fresh and free from adultera-  
tion, which is not the case with imported Perfumery

8 Trunks Marseilles Pomatum  
Great allowance to those who buy to sell again  
January 1, 1808

*Elegant accomplishment in the most beauteous display  
of the vegetable kingdom.*

MRS. MARTIN, Professor of Wax-work, No. 12  
Broad-street, presents her most respectful services  
to the fair daughters of America, and informs them,  
that she teaches Wax-work, either in the taking of  
likenesses, or in imitating the various fruits of the  
earth, with their respective foliage, from the creep-  
ing strawberry to the lofty and delicious anana. She  
also instructs the making of Artificial Flowers, and  
various ornaments in Rock and other work—with the  
method of making Moulds, to cast at pleasure, in the  
most perfect shape, any thing that may be desired—  
She will also repair Wax-work.—Her terms for  
learning the above accomplishments are but Ten Dol-  
lars, a knowledge of which may be obtained in a few  
weeks, with only an attendance of two or three hours  
a day.

February 18, 1809.

1044—tf

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.  
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE  
ON MODERATE TERMS.

### RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS  
at this office.

## LEWIS FORNIQUET

Respectfully informs his Friends and the Public in  
general, that he has removed to No. 156, Bad-way,  
where he solicits a continuation of their custom, and  
flatters himself that the quality of his stock, and his  
attention to business, will meet with their approba-  
tion. He has lately received, by arrivals from Liver-  
pool, a new and elegant assortment of London Pearl  
Jewellery, consisting of Necklaces, Ear-rings, and  
Pearl Ornaments for the Head, Pearl and Topaz pins,  
Bracelets and Rings

### ON HAND,

A handsome assortment of Pearl, Diamond, and real  
Topaz Pins, Gold Watch-Chains and Seals, Plain and  
Cornelian Keys; Gold Ear-rings, Breast-pins, Rings,  
Lockets, and Bracelets; Silver Tea sets; Table, Tea,  
and Desert Spoons: Soup Ladles and Fish Knives:  
Tortoise-shell, Dressing, and Fine Combs, Scissors,  
Penknives, Best Whitechapel Needles in quarters,  
and a great variety of other articles too numerous to  
mention.—He makes all sorts of Hair-work and Elastic  
Braids, in the Newest Fashion, and at the short-  
est Notice.

January 28.

1041—tf.

### A PEW FOR SALE.

The Pew, No. 140, in Christ's Church, being the se-  
cond from the wall, in the north-west corner of the  
Church.—For terms apply at No. 104, Meiden-lane,

### CISTERNS,

Made and put in the ground complete warranted  
tight, by **C ALFORD,**  
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house

### FOR SALE, A FARM AND MILLS,

in the County of Orange, State of New-York, two  
miles from Cornwall Landing, and 60 miles from the  
City of New-York.—The Farm contains 120 acres,  
mostly good land, with sufficient meadow and wood;  
the best kinds of grafted fruit, apples, pears, peaches,  
plumbs, &c. a good dwelling-house, barn, and other  
out-houses, and a well by the door. The Mill is 40  
by 50 feet, built of stone. It is a strong building,  
with two run of Burr stones, and a good stream; and  
may be converted to carrying on any kind of manu-  
facture.—The whole is to be sold cheap, and a good  
title will be given by the subscriber, on the premises.

**CALEB SUTTON.**

December 17, 1808.

1035—tf

### CHARLES SPENCER,

#### CONFECTIONER,

Informs his Friends and the Public, that he has re-  
moved to No. 118, Broadway, opposite the City-hotel,  
where he carries on his business in its various bran-  
ches, and hopes, by strict attention, still to deserve  
public patronage. Families supplied with Plum-  
cake iced and neatly ornamented—Tea-cakes of every  
description—Pyramids, Ice-cream, Blanch-monge,  
Jellies, &c.—Country Orders punctually attended to  
March 11.

1047—6m.

**S. DAWSON'S,**  
**WARRANTED DURABLE INK,**  
FOR WRITING ON LINEN WITH A PEN,  
FOR SALE

by the quantity or single bottle, at No 3, Peck-Slip,  
and at the Proprietor's 48, Frankfort-street.

### BOOKS AND STATIONARY,

#### OF

EVERY DESCRIPTION,  
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE,  
Bibles, Testaments, Monitors, Spelling-Books, Prim-  
ers Gough's, Fenning's, Hamilton's, Walsh's, Wal-  
kingham's, and Dilworth's Arithmetics; Walker's,  
Sheridan's, Baylie's, Webster's, and Ertick's Dic-  
tionaries. Writing and Letter Paper, Quills, Sealing  
Wax, Wafers, Ink Powder, Ink Stands, Pencils, In-  
dian Rubber, Indian Ink, Blank Books, &c.

NEW-YORK,  
PUBLISHED BY C. HARRISSON  
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per Ann.

PAYABLE HALF IN ADVANCE